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The Socialist Spirit

The Fellowship

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The Fellowship is a group organized for service in the socialist movement. The members of this group will make special studies of socialist needs and crises, of opportunities and developments, and furnish the results to the movement in the form of articles for the socialist press, and lectures wherever desired.

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"The right of the humblest human soul to the resources and liberty needful for living a complete and unfearing life is infinitely more sacred than the whole fabric and machinery of civilization."

The Socialist Spirit

VOL. II

NOVEMBER, 1902

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The Democratic Donkey That the head of the Democratic donkey does not know what the tail of the animal is doing is increasingly evident. Mr. Bryan's paper, "The Commoner," is significantly silent on the coal ownership plank of the New York Democratic platform. It looks as if the Hill democracy has become too radical for the leader of the radical democracy and he rather dislikes to admit it.

Of course now, as any time these ten years, there is reasonable doubt as to which end of the Democratic donkey is the head. There seems to be a disposition to cut the animal in two at each Democratic convention. That no self-respecting animal can stand this sort of thing for ten years and retain his vitality must be apparent to all students of political anatomy. That Mr. Hill,—who has never been either the head or the tail of the donkey, but has valiantly maintained as comfortable a position as possible on his back, that he might slip toward either end as the animal went forward or backward,—that Mr. Hill should have mistaken the direction in which the donkey is going is quite possible. But that he should embarrass the whole animal by spurring him in one direction when he intended to go in another, or did not intend to go anywhere at all, must seem unconscionable to all "good Democrats."

Mr. Bird Coler when he started his campaign for governor of New York a few weeks ago was hard put to it to gracefully side-track the issue that Mr. Hill's "strategy" had made so prominent. Mr. Coler knew perfectly well that persistent agitation of the coal-ownership plank would arouse "conservative" New York to its utmost endeavor to defeat the Democratic ticket; and Mr. Coler wanted to be elected.

Meanwhile the resourceful Mr. Hill is being roundly denounced by the gold Democratic papers throughout the country, the Richmond (Va.) Times declaring that "he has done his party a cruel wrong." Mr. Hill, however, continued, throughout the campaign, to stand by the coal plank. In a speech at Ithaca, N. Y., he said:

"The method there (at the Saratoga convention) advocated is constitutional, and I am not here to take back one word of this coal plank, but I am here to stand by it, and I do stand by it, because it is the only way of settling this question permanently."

And in a speech in New Jersey he expressed himself in a similar way. He doubtless realized that he must stand by the public ownership method of settling the coal question or appear more glaringly before the public as an arrant demagogue than he has even appeared before.

In the attitude of these three men; in

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Mr. Bryan's silence, in Mr. Hill's pyrotechnics and in Mr. Coler's evasive and unconvincing oratory is made clear the condition of the "great" Democratic party. It never was anything save a party of opposition. Now it cannot perform even that function. It is rotting into mere nothingness, and the time has gone by when it can be galvanized. The failure of 65,000 voters who registered in 1900, to register this year in the city of Chicago alone, indicates that the people are hopeless of improved conditions under either party.

When the next panic comes, wiping out the last vestige of the middle class, the masses will realize that only a party of complete reconstruction can ever hope to make headway against the cohorts of entrenched Capital.

Looking forward to the coming of such a crisis the Socialist party is persistently educating the working class for political action, firm in the belief that in the workers alone lies hope of progress for the human family.



The Coming Crisis

That another of the periodic panics is inevitable, and that it will wreak itself upon American "prosperity" before very long is unmistakably evident. The fear-struck Secretary of the Treasury raised a milk-white flag when he rushed to the relief of the stock-gamblers with government funds. He overstepped the law, as even conservative persons were compelled to admit, and exhausted the possibilities of a rescue at a more critical time. His purchase of 4 per cent bonds amounted to nearly \$17,000,000 par value, and to get them in he had to pay out over \$23,000,000—a \$6,000,000 bonus of the people's money.

It is stupendous ignorance and indifference that can look calmly upon an expenditure of six million dollars,—taxed out of the people's pockets—"to relieve the money market," and it is a startling kind of "prosperity" that has

to be subsidized by the people's money at the will of Wall street working upon the fears of a weakling who holds the Treasury portfolio.

Mr. Shaw is unquestionably the smallest-brained politician ever called to take care of the people's purse, and the Administration knew it when he was appointed. Mr. Crane of Massachusetts was wanted for the job, but he had rather sell paper to the government than to dance to Wall street music. He said he didn't want it. Neither did anyone else who had any knowledge or foresight. So the president offered it to this Iowa country banker, a man of such small calibre that he jumped at the "honor" like a frog at red flannel, not seeing the hook behind it.

In the purchase of these \$17,000,000 in bonds Mr. Shaw has so drawn down the treasury's available cash balance as to exhaust his ability to further help the "money market." For it is to be remembered that most of the treasury's surplus holdings are already in the market through deposits in the national banks.

And Mr. Shaw, in accepting other bonds beside those of the federal government to secure bank circulation, has taken the first step toward the "asset" security that must eventually bring down the whole monetary system in ruin. Not that anyone need care much for a system which helps only those who gamble for a living. The point is that the next panic will come suddenly—like the breaking of a bubble—and will wipe out the last vestige of the middle-class,—the small tradesmen and other commercial operators who possess bank accounts and who do a credit business.

It will be strange, indeed, if persons who were still fatuous and believed that the laws of economics had undergone some marvelous change, rendering this country immune from the evils of over-speculation, are not convinced of their

error in reading the powerful presentation of the situation made by Frank A. Vanderlip, vice president of the National City Bank, and formerly assistant secretary of the treasury.

Mr. Vanderlip shows the existence of a condition of unstable equilibrium in financial affairs, the inverted pyramid, with the apex represented by \$508,000,000 of lawful money reserve in the national banks of the country, supporting a mass of liabilities mounting up to \$4,527,000,000. But the dangerous feature of the situation as presented is that less than four years ago the apex of this inverted pyramid was represented by a lawful reserve of \$509,000,000, supporting a mass of liabilities of but \$3,200,000,000. Upon a reserve reduced \$1,000,000, the liabilities of national banks alone have expanded in four years \$1,327,000,000, while the total expansion, counting national and state banks and trust companies, is estimated as about \$4,000,000,000, without increase of reserve. New issues of sureties rendered available for collateral, borrowed upon credited resources and increasing deposits as an offset, explain the situation. It is a creation of paper resources against an actual liability.

And it is upon these paper resources that the "asset banking" advocates would have the people loan their money through their hired men at Washington!

As things are now the gamblers have so undermined the actual resources of the banks that when the crash comes every dollar of the little depositors will be wiped out; but as they would have it, every dollar in the United States treasury would be wiped out also.

But the working class will still have its day's work, and that day's work must be done if men are to live; the sun will still shine and the grain will still grow.

If the stock gamblers find that their families cannot eat engraved bits of paper, they may at last awaken to hear the cry of the class that has been feeding them.

American Statesmanship The astonishing incompetency of the men who have been tossed into official life by the flotsam and jetsam of capitalist politics becomes clearer and clearer as speculative ventures become more reckless or daring.

The whole power of the United States government has not as yet succeeded in shaking the Morgan combination of northwestern railroads, and accordingly there is something ludicrous in the appeal from Kentucky to the interstate commerce commission to save 16,000,000 people of that section of the country from the consequences of a Morgan combination which now takes in pretty much all the mileage from Virginia to Mississippi. About all the power left to the commission by the courts is the power of its several members to draw a salary from the government. The 16,000,000 southern people should not feel peculiarly distressed. They will be situated about as the rest of their countrymen.

Never in the nation's history did conditions call so loudly for constructive statesmanship. But the Republican officers, having declared the country prosperous, decline to see that there can be any improvement whatever, lest a whisper disturb the *status quo*.

Meanwhile we have such astute persons as the Wisconsin senator, Mr. Spooner, declaring for an out and out Empire. In his last speech he said:

If we could elect a good, strong republican president like Theodore Roosevelt and a strong republican Senate and House for a term of 20 years it would be better for the country. I believe this demagogic tear-up comes too often in this country.

This is the frank expression of the real Republican position. Blind leaders of the blind, there has never been in a republic such fatuous ignorance; such foolish refusal to see the drift toward the inevitable.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," indeed. One looks in vain today for a single man at

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Washington with spiritual power and a sane outlook. There is no courage in the present incumbent of the White House. A crack of the party or the Capitalist whip takes the back-bone out of him in a hurry. He dares not proceed against the latest flagrant violations of the civil service law of which he has always been so lusty an advocate.

Senator Quay of Pennsylvania and Congressman Dick of Ohio are each guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to a fine of \$5,000 or imprisonment for three years, or to both fine and imprisonment, for sending out circulars soliciting campaign contributions from federal employes. Their prosecution under the civil-service act would be an interesting and wholesome performance, and their fine or imprisonment certainly would be. They are not now in attendance upon a session of Congress, and might be arrested and brought to trial without any great trouble, if the president and the attorney-general were disposed to enforce the civil-service law to the extent of grappling with these influential men of their own party.

It is safe to say they will not be molested.



Labor and the Military

The influence of Tolstoyanism is beginning to manifest itself in the labor consciousness.

The president of the international association of allied metal mechanics, addressing affiliated local unions at Schenectady, N. Y., a few days ago, urged them to expel all members, who are also members of the New York state national guard. Not long ago, by a unanimous vote, the trades assembly of Syracuse resolved that union men who are in the militia should resign under pain of expulsion from the union. The Illinois state federation of labor, at a convention held recently at East St. Louis, passed without a dissenting vote a resolution declaring that membership in military organizations is a violation of labor

union obligations, and requested all union men to withdraw from the militia. President Albert Young of the federation declared that the militia is a menace not only to unions, but to all workers throughout the country.

In connection with these facts are certain others to be noted. During the coal strike it was frequently observed that the Pennsylvania militiamen or national guardsmen called into service in the affected region, fraternized with the strikers to a noteworthy degree. Some of them were strikers. Many others were in such pronounced sympathy with the strikers as to be useless as a guard "for law and order" against the strikers. During the recent New Orleans street car strike, a whole company of militia, called out to protect non-union men, resigned in a body.

An interesting comment upon these manifestations of anti-militarism by the working class is made editorially by that deeply religious publication, "The Outlook," in its issue of Nov. 1st:

Amid all the uncertainties and perplexities of the industrial situation one thing is absolutely certain—that the American people will insist that property and person shall be adequately protected. Any government, however despotic, which protects person and property is better than any government, however free it may be called, which does not. If organized labor withdraws from the militia because it is summoned to protect persons and property in time of a strike, the militia will be recruited from portions of the community which are not in sympathy with organized labor. If it cannot be recruited by volunteers, men of property who value peace and order will raise the necessary amount of money to secure a paid force for the purpose. If such protection cannot be furnished by a militia, it will be furnished by a standing army. Whatever may happen, it will certainly be furnished. The action of those leaders who are urging members in the trades-unions to withdraw from the militia or to refuse to join it in the future, if successful, can have no other effect than to provide the State with a militia which will be wholly out of sympathy with, if not actively hostile to, organized labor. As to the so-called eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job," without discussing here the legitimacy of it, it is certain that it must be enforced, if at all, either by public opinion or by legal enactment. The American people will not submit to

have this or any other law enacted for them by voluntary organizations and enforced by mob violence.

The spirit of impotent rage that glints from these words of brave Buncombe shows that the weakness of capitalism is known to its "religious" servants.

The day when Capitalism may no longer get one working man to shoot another working man in the name of "law and order," under "religious" advisorship, is coming. Its first ray shines in this refusal of union men to do military service. There needs no militia to protect men against one another.

This heroic threat of what the "American people" will do, and how the "American people" will act to protect its "property" is tremendously intimidating until you poke your finger through it.

Who are the American people? The handful of capitalists who are doing the exploiting? Where are they going to hire their "paid force?" Are they going to do the fighting themselves? Are the cigarette-smoking products of effeminate luxury actually going forth to battle with men?

It is uproariously funny.

Here is a "Christian" weekly, going forth into thousands of homes of gentle-folk, declaring in crying wrath that if the workers dare to stop fighting each other the "American people" will lick them good.

Down with the peace advocates! Hurrah for "men of property who value peace and order," AND THEIR PAID MILITARY FORCE!

The Outlook needs one more "Christian" on its staff. If it had but the services of the Reverend Eugene B. Willard of Boston it would be the most unique representative of love and humility extant. This is the Reverend Mr. Willard's latest:

There seems to me to be a painful inability in our city churches to deal with the problem of churching the toiling masses. The Christian church, however, has the power and authority to secure legislation, and we should have such laws upon our statute books as

would compel the laboring men and their women to attend God's services on Sunday. Without a compulsory attendance law our churches will continue to dwindle in membership, and therefore I ask, Is it not high time our Christian soldiers acted?

God's services; CHRISTIAN soldiers; Christian cut-throats. Christian pick-pockets. Christian parricides. Poor Jesus! Beloved Elder Brother with the love for the poor and lowly in his heart, he could not know the crimes Hypocrisy would fit his name to.



In His Name

One of the finest parts of the celebration of King Edward's coronation was the dinner he gave to thousands of the poor of London. It was given to them because they were poor. If anyone was too proud to call himself a poor person, he shut himself out from the feast. But in just the same way God's invitation is to sinners, and whoever accepts it must confess himself to be a sinner and in need.—Christian Endeavor World.

Perhaps there is no more blasphemous publication in all Christendom than the Christian Endeavor World.

It is the organ of the young people's association called the "Society of Christian Endeavor."

This organization junkets about through the states in special cars and sleepers at reduced rates for transportation with immense pieces of cotton cloth draping the sides of the cars, upon which the words are printed, "All for Christ."

The young persons who compose this society are well meaning and (some of them) innocent. It is the least offensive avenue their parents can find for them; —for the expression of their surplus activity.

They sing and pray and a good many of them honestly try to practice the virtues called Christian, but which are the same in all religions. There is no doubt that the influence of this society, expressed locally, in the small towns, keeps boys from breaking windows and girls from letting the breakfast dishes lie unwashed till noon.

They do gossip a little tho'.

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We always try to think good of everybody; but people really *are* so funny. And then what is one expected to talk about in a small town?

It is the well-meaning person who is ignorant of social forces and their operation who is the direct enemy of human progress. It is he who, set going in a given direction, like a huge terrifying inorganic mass, goes on and on crushing and blighting the lives of his fellows.

He is the most terrible when he is the most virtuous. His barbarity is un muscular, but it kills like a blight. Humanity withers before it. Fellow fool and fellow clod shrivel and die in the rays of its goodness.

But the Christian Endeavor World! Sophisticated organ of an unsophisticated band! There can be no sophistry where all are under the same blanket of hopeless ignorance. But the World has crept out. It sees the cat. And it is never letting on!

It is dishing up the same drivel, consciously, that it would have been dishing up unconsciously if its head were still under the blanket.

The sophistry of the World is imperative if it is to live and pay salaries. If it let in the light it would disrupt the organization which is its source of being.

No one can edit a paper;—indeed no one can frequent a publication office today and read its exchanges, and remain unilluminated.

To traffic in the name of the Deity is to blaspheme, but to write to perpetuate ignorance is to prostitute the soul. He who sees a truth and clips it to serve his petty purposes is covering his soul with slime.

God is not harmed by blasphemy.

It cuts the other way.

What goes out from us comes back to us again.

If we know the truth and enunciate the false we can not lay our sin upon another. Our portion will be moral degeneration.

A subtle little wrinkle will mark it on our faces.

To sink our own souls in moral degradation is a sorry course to follow; but consciously to confirm others in moral ignorance is an unspeakable crime; yet the Christian Endeavor World does it.

A woman prostitutes her body, which is but of clay, and is cast out.

A man prostitutes his soul, which is immortal;—and directs the organ of a young people's aspiration.

By the difference in value between the body and the soul the man is the greater offender.'



Life and Property

Jackson, Kentucky, has had 336 murders in eight months.—Boston Traveler, Oct. 7th.

All law is professed to be for the protection of life and property:—*life* and property; life is commonly set down first, as if it were the more important.

But it is not.

If life were more important than property the Kentucky militia would be out patrolling the streets of Jackson.

In Jackson they have been killing people at the rate of forty-two a month—one every day, and three or four on Sunday. The common course of the local law is the only power invoked against the slayers. No one has suggested the necessity of martial law.

But if a man were to throw a brick at a street-car there would be a scream for the militia.

In the anthracite coal regions there was not as much violence in the five months of the strike as transpires any pleasant evening on South Clark street in Chicago. Yet the entire militia of the state of Pennsylvania was called out, and appeals were made to T. Roosevelt for the federal army.

Under such conditions the worker who cannot see what the militia is for is dense indeed.

If the law cared a picayune for human life it could not have endured the spectacle of one hundred and fifty thousand men and their families deprived for five

months of the chance to earn a living;—for this, itself, is life.

If law were really for the protection of life, it would never be discovered bulwarking monopoly, which prevents men from living.

The law today is for the classes to use against the masses. It is to keep the people in order while they are being robbed.

When the law today, through the accident of an occasional honest and public spirited lawyer, comes into collision with the capitalist class the law gets so battered up that its own makers would not recognize it.

In Ohio, where Frank Monnett while attorney general thought he was to enforce the law against the big criminals as well as the little ones, and compelled the supreme court to take cognizance of the fact that the Standard Oil Company was an outlaw, the Standard Oil Company almost died of laughter. The supreme court of Ohio ordered the Standard Oil Company to bring its books into court for examination. An inspection of the books would demonstrate whether or no the oil combination were illegal.

The Standard Oil Company burned its books and came into court the next day and blandly stated that it had none; it did not keep any.

The supreme court knew that the Standard Oil Company was lying; and the Standard Oil Company knew that it knew that it was lying, but the court could not help Mr. Monnett because, you see, there was no evidence!

Mr. Monnett said publicly that the supreme court of Ohio had been bribed, and for this frightful calumny the supreme court did not even put Mr. Monnett in jail.

It did not dare to. Mr. Monnett could prove it.

Mayor Jones says that nearly all the prisoners in the penitentiary at Columbus are there because they are poor.

The crimes for which they are committed are in nearly every case the crimes superinduced by poverty.

One cold night last winter a man went into the police station at Toledo and wanted to be locked up to keep him from freezing. The desk sergeant said: "I have no authority to lodge you here or to lock you up. This is a police station, where men are detained who have committed crimes or misdemeanors. I cannot lock you up except for cause."

The man went out into the cold again and walked down the street. When he got in front of one of the large shops he looked about to make sure there was a policeman in sight and then picked up a paving block and smashed a plate-glass window.

So he got his lodging.
It is a great system.

If the law was made for human life they would have taken the man in at the station to save his life, to keep him from freezing. But the only way he could interest society in his welfare was to attack private property.

If the people really used their minds they could see the sophistry that lurks in this cry for the protection of "life and property." They would see that today life and property are opposed in deadly conflict and that the whole armory of the law is on the side of property.

The combining of two ideas that are not identical, in a conventional phrase, is a very old but very effective method of befogging the people's minds.

The facts at Wilkesbarre and the facts at Jackson, Kentucky, held up to the light side by side, should tend to bring the African out of the shadow of the wood-pile.

The Riddle of Mr. Hill

Mr. David B. Hill of New York, Democrat, has seen the handwriting on the wall. The characters are in such vivid colors that his usual conservatism is dissipated by their radiance.

Mr. Hill has out-Bryaned Bryan. He not only declares for public ownership of the coal mines, a length to which Mr. Bryan's radicalism never ventured, but he asserts that such a measure is democratic.

He says that common ownership of a common necessity like coal is not Socialism, but pure Democracy.

Then he says if it is Socialism, why make the best of it.

Mr. Hill's declaration is for the purpose of attracting votes to the Democratic party. It means that he discerns what the people want, and is willing to serve as their instrument in getting it.

Mr. Hill is a politician. He is not a bad man. He has been trimming his sails to catch the popular breeze any time these forty years.

Most politicians are willing to give the people what they want.

The difficulty is to find out what the people *do* want.

The recent expression of public feeling on the coal question gives the politicians an inkling of what the people desire.

Hence Mr. Hill's declaration in the New York Democratic platform.

The ballot is an expression of opinion. It is the polite form of the bullet.

When it is cast for a principle it indicates thought and manhood.

When it is cast as a mere habit of mind it indicates mental decay and disintegration of character.

Republicanism and Democracy as represented by the political parties which bear those names mean absolutely nothing in state and local elections. To turn out a Democrat and put in a Republican or to turn out a Republican and put in a Democrat has no significance

whatever touching the people's welfare.

And the politicians who are thus elected do not know what is expected of them.

When a man is elected by Socialist ballots he knows what he is to work for.

Witness the records of James F. Carey and Frederick O. McCartney in the Massachusetts legislature.

But when a man is elected by Republican or Democratic ballots, he has only a vague expression like the tariff or the money question for his guidance;—things entirely unrelated to state affairs. He doesn't know what his constituents want, because their voting is a routine performance not in any sense the expression of opinion. Not knowing what his constituents want, he counsels with himself as to what *he* wants, and the lobby generally helps to make up his mind for him.

At the end of his term he is turned out as unsatisfactory and then he is sorry he didn't steal more, as the others did, while he had the opportunity.

And yet if he had known what the people desired he might have gone back to the legislature.

That was what he really wanted; the distinction of serving as a public officer.

In being turned out he only pays the penalty for belonging to a party that does not stand for anything.

If you vote for a principle;—that is to say for what you want, your candidate becomes your servant; but if you vote simply for a man, or if you *are voted*, as most men are on election day, then he becomes your master:—you give your agent power to act without consulting you.

No man was ever good enough to be the public master of other men.

Republican and Democrat are only empty names.

Politicians bearing these names will assume any principles they think will please the people.

The people can enunciate their prin-

ciples today only by voting the Socialist party ticket.

If you want public ownership you can get it quickly by voting for Socialism. The minute the Socialist party vote is big enough to really mean something, the Republican and Democratic politicians will be converted as Mr. Hill is converted. The minute the Socialists threaten their political supremacy these men will concede all kinds of "reforms" in the hope of lengthening or perpetuating their incumbency.

This is the logic of the Socialist position: stand uncompromisingly for the whole Socialist program and all the "reforms" you want will be conceded by the politicians of the old parties.

The minute they draw your ballot away from an expression of vital principle, they are relieved of all responsibility toward you.

While you do not know what you want, they do not care what you want.



The Parent of The Future

(Extract from a speech of Franklin H. Wentworth at mass meeting of Socialist Party, Handel Hall, Chicago, October 21, 1902.)

"The present," says Leibnitz, "is the child of the past—the parent of the future."

All we have today is the product of yesterday: and in the seed which we plant today lies enfolded the blossom of tomorrow.

Life is progress; and to arrest progress is to die.

"To let well enough alone;" that is the philosophy of death, for unless today is better than yesterday, tomorrow will be worse than today.

Whenever in any epoch, the energies of the people are expended in preserving the present, the worm of decay has already eaten out the heart of that epoch, and progress must then spring from a new tap root.

The present social epoch is dying.

All the powerful forces of church and state: all the established organs of pub-

lic education and opinion are today at work trying to perpetuate a social system that is rotten to the core.

Instead of laying a foundation broad and deep; the foundation of a structure that shall shelter the millions of the future, the great forces of society today are frantically propping an outworn temple that must in a few years fall crashing into hopeless ruin.

The rarest virtue ever given to man is the ability to judge his own epoch; the ability to see in the midst of the splendor of social and industrial achievement that true progress may have been arrested, and that the beginning of the end may have come. To recognize and understand the great social forces and their import, one must have a social faith; a point of vantage at which, as in the shadow of a wall, he may stand out of the heat and dust for an instant, and observe the tides of humanity, free from the domination of their ebb and flow.

The Socialist has this point of vantage; he has a standard of judgment; he reads history with a purpose, as it should be read—merely to throw light upon the problems of the present.

Those who are in authority in the American nation today are the helpless creatures of an environment they cannot read: of social forces they do not understand. Like a rudderless ship the great republic is drifting: the plaything of every wind and tide. Fear is in every heart—and it is the fear of the unknown,—an unreasoning fear,—like the fear of the animal before the rumblings of a gathering storm.

We see the secretary of the treasury in an unreasoning panic rushing to the relief of the stock-gamblers and exploiters of the people, with the people's money, taken from their pockets by taxation: and we see a nation of eighty millions standing helpless in the insolent presence of a dozen men who deny it the privilege of keeping warm with its own coal.

We see a president lauded with abject and fulsome praise,—for doing what?

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What is this act of mighty courage that challenges the admiration of the nation?

The president has asked the miners to go back to work!

Ah, brave hero! Rival of Spartacus: of the Gracchi: of all the mighty ones of history!

Where are our standards of judgment that we shriek a maudlin praise of such a puny act? Courage, heroism. If such an act be heroism, then I ask you what is cowardice!

Where is the initiative, where is the constructive statesmanship that is to build the nation's future?

Is it statesmanship to avert for today a tempest that must break tomorrow? Is it statesmanship that patches up a petty truce over the pitfall of a crying wrong?

In the vaporings of futile joy that today declare the coal strike ended I make the counter declaration that it is not ended, that it is just beginning. The great world-giant Labor is but testing his muscle. The coal strike was but a trial of strength, full of portent for the future. The real battle has not yet begun. Today's struggle for a pittance is to pave the way for tomorrow's struggle for a portion; and tomorrow's struggle once begun, will never cease until the toilers of the world shall gain their own.

Deep down in the heart of things a new life is growing: a life virile and purposeful; a life that shall rend our rotten civilization as the oak root splits the rock, and blossom into beauty.

Will this growth be arrested because the creatures of the present are too gross and dull to detect it?

Stories have come to us of the luxuries of Newport: of the reckless gambling at Saratoga; of social debauchery of a lower type than ever degraded court of Europe.

The same careless and profligate waste of the sources of the common life, the same fool feeling of "after us the deluge," which marked a certain cele-

brated period of France, sits, grinning, above the social boilers today.

But the strong hand of labor is slowly reaching upward from the mire: its fingers are closing about the controlling lever: it has learned the hidden secret of forced draught, and the great social engines are throbbing a dithyrambic hymn of freedom.

No longer shall youth be stunted and starved: no longer shall little children be denied the joy and innocence of life's morning. The day of the united people is dawning.

We who are not blinded by the sophistries of the present must build the highroad to the future. It is a task for manhood. It is a task for the pure in heart.

We must keep the socialist movement clean, and united, and above all reproach, to do this mighty work. Our thoughts must be high: our hearts must be pure: our lives as open as the day.

Upon the socialist movement hangs the sole present hope of human liberty. And everywhere the cause is growing. It is no longer confined to one nation alone. It is as wide as the world. In far-off Japan it is lifting up the hearts of men: in darkest Russia it is sustaining the serf in his dungeon: throughout continental Europe everywhere the peasant reads with glad, hopeful eyes the message of the dawn. At last, at last the brotherhood of man! In the hovels and huts of the poor you will find today the writings of Marx, and Engels and Tolstoy and Kropotkin. The peasant begins to think: the man with the hoe is lifting up his head: he hears the voices of tomorrow, and "a thinking peasant makes a quaking throne."

As the movement grows, so will grow the responsibilities of its leaders. The movement can never be crushed by enemies without. We need not fear the aimless, purposeless, futile warfare of dying capitalism. No one can destroy us but ourselves. Then let us watch and

ward. Let us develop individual characters that shall shine through the social night, for it is not what we profess that will win the peoples to our standard: it is what we are. Let us aim so to live that the word Socialist shall stand for all that is noble, all that is pure, all that is virtuous and righteous in our present life.

Thus alone shall we earn the right to mold the future.

The School Teacher

Lewis Elkin, a Philadelphia millionaire, has given an estate of nearly \$2,000,000 to be used for the providing of annuities or pensions for women teachers who have spent 25 years in the service of that city.
—Chicago Journal.

To spend twenty-five years in the service of the public; to give the best part of your life to improving other people's children; to deny yourself the joys of motherhood; to excite compassion as an "old maid" and, finally, to find yourself in your declining years penniless and an object of charity, is to be a school-teacher.

People who today are saying that the public schools are socialistic only have the first glimmer of the socialist vision.

You cannot have socialism in one place, until you have it in all places. The kingdom of heaven cannot be set up anywhere in a corner.

It is true the public schools are common property, and when the efforts to establish them were first made they were opposed by those who represented the financial interests of private schools, as socialistic. Private capital is always opposed to public education. It will be noted that the millionaires are not bestowing their endowment funds upon the state universities where the ballots of the people may decide what shall be taught. They give their money where the curriculum may be drawn up by their own servants. Distrust of the people is the distinguishing mark of the privileged classes; which is logical and

natural, for with the education of the workers must eventually come the abolition of all privileged idleness. The public schools, inasmuch as they are not privately owned, are socialistic, but their entire management today is capitalistic. They are not run in the interest of the children but in the interest of the "tax-payer." They will not be socialistic until the interest of the child is the chiefest consideration.

There is no woman living, there never has been, and there never will be, who can "teach" sixty children in a single room.

To wear out your life keeping young animals from wriggling is not to teach. It is to attempt the impossible.

An audience of grown-ups cannot sit still for two hours and a half. We think children can be made to do what we refuse to do ourselves.

And no one can teach more than a dozen children at once, and even these must be similar in temperament to make their common instruction effective.

Under socialism, the individual character and instincts of every child would be the object of culture and development.

It would make an interesting society. Each person then would be worth while.

The schools today are turning out a ready-made product. Our children are "educated" only to the extent of adopting conventional opinions,—the opinions calculated to perpetuate a capitalist society. It makes the world very dreary. We have to seek out an uneducated person for original thinking.

We get tired of the eternal parrot.

Under socialism the school-teacher would be the highest-paid and most carefully selected public servant. Every child and its complete intellectual development would be the object of society's solicitude.

The principal personage about a school-house today is the janitor. He holds his job by being a good capitalist politician.

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

Economic necessity drives young women to teach school who are not fitted for it and who do not care for it. It's just one way to make a living. They watch the clock all day in their subjective consciousness and sigh with relief when the last little boot clatters down the stairway. The children are more relieved, however.

The public schools cannot be socialistic while the whole social system is feeding poison into them through every avenue.

It is to the interest of the school-book combination to make as many books, all alike, as can be squeezed under the arms of the pupils. This is one avenue of poison. The agents of this combination go up and down the country bribing public servants in the larger districts and bullying and browbeating them in the smaller. When the boards of education in one locality throw out books no longer considered desirable, and the book-combination has a large stock of these books, it sends its agents to dispose of them in other localities where the instructors have not yet learned that there is something better. In the country schools you will find the books are principally back numbers.

Any old thing will do for the country child.

Yet in spite of this the country child usually knows more about life than the city child. He has the flowers, and fruit, and waving grain; the birds and bees to teach him. The difference between the city child and the country child is that the city child has other people's ideas and the country child his own.

When we are cut off from nature we go miowing away into superficiality.

No one perhaps will criticise Mr. Elkin of Philadelphia for giving two millions of dollars for pensioning teachers. So long as certain men have the disposal of the accumulated earnings of other men, Mr. Elkin could scarcely find a better avenue for his beneficence.

But what of a social state which wrings out the lives of these women,—the only life they have on earth in this incarnation—and then throws them away like a dry rag, assuming no responsibility for their age's comfort?

Should not either the compensation of teachers be adequate to allow them to provide for their old age or a system of pensions be provided from public funds for those who have spent their lives in public service?

The socialist says that the public servant who has the sacred and holy task of developing human souls should be cared for in every respect,—should be beyond all hint of economic worry.

She should have leisure to read and study; to know intimately her pupils; to travel with them in city and country; to show them life in all its phases.

Then the public schools would not represent an idea factory, making brains off the same pattern to further enweary an already tired world.

It would be well with the teacher and well with the child.

We could then say the public schools were socialistic, and it would be true.



See The Cause Grow

(Fellowship Correspondence)

Returns received show the Socialist party has polled 32,105 votes in 291 cities and towns in Massachusetts. Last year the total vote in the state was 10,761. Representatives James Carey of Haverhill and Frederick O. MacCartney of Rockland were re-elected, and Ramsdale was elected to legislature from Ninth Plymouth district, making three Socialist members in the legislature. Socialist candidates in Quincy and Brighton districts polled large votes and were almost elected. In Bridgewater district Socialist candidate lacked only 20 votes of election.

The largest increase for Chase for governor occurred in Boston, 8,142 votes being polled this year, to 1,281 last.

Brockton increased from 887 to 2,105 this year. Haverhill increases 500, Chelsea increases from 117 to 633, Fitchburg from 288 to 858, Lynn from 272 to 1,031, and every place heard from shows increased Socialist vote. Senatorial candidates got highest votes in Brockton and Rockland. The large increase in Socialist vote which was expected by us has caused a sensation and the republican and democratic politicians are astonished. The municipal elections occur in a month from now and the campaign begins immediately. Election of Socialist mayors in Brockton and Haverhill are practically assured, with chances of further increase in other cities.

William Mailly.

Boston, Nov. 5.



Tour of Comrade Brown

William Thurston Brown of the Fellowship began his western tour on October 21st, at Erie Penna., where Comrade August Klenke was conducting a tremendous campaign. The meeting was large and enthusiastic.

On the 22d he spoke at Ashtabula, from whence he journeyed into Cleveland for a big meeting Friday evening, the 24th.

On the 25th he spoke at Akron, and on Sunday, the 26th, at Massillon.

On Monday, the 27th, he had an immense outdoor meeting in the city park at Mansfield, the largest outdoor meeting ever held in that city. On the 28th

he spoke at Continental at a meeting arranged by Comrade Austin Wing.

From Continental he went to Fort Wayne, Ind., for two meetings on the 30th and 31st. Here the meetings were record-breakers.

He reports the movement at Fort Wayne of a remarkably vital character and bound to have a salutary influence upon the state in the near future.

On November 1st and 2d Comrade Brown spoke at Toledo, going thence to Saginaw, Mich., to close the campaign with two speeches on November 3d.

On November 4th and 5th he lectured at the Ferris Institute at Big Rapids, Mich., one of the most unique and model educational institutions of the country. On November 8th he spoke at Benton Harbor, coming from there into Chicago for a speech before the Philosophical Society at Handel Hall, Sunday afternoon, November 9th.

After November 9th his itinerary so far as booked is as follows:

Nov. 10-11—Marshall, Mich.

Nov. 13—Grand Rapids, Mich.

Nov. 14—South Bend, Ind.

Nov. 16—Rockford, Ill.

Nov. 19—Chicago, Socialist Temple, 120 South Western avenue.

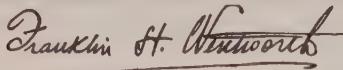
Comrade Brown will spend the week of Thanksgiving at the Wentworth cottage at Winnetka. He has been speaking constantly since the opening of the fall political campaign in New York state, where he was on the Socialist ticket for Lieutenant Governor.



THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

NO. 3 NOVEMBER, 1902 VOL. II

EDITORIAL

O Shallow-pate, walking for ever in indifferent ignorance!

Thou with the languid averted eyes and impossible, patronizing airs—

Thou forged bank-note which the great winds will blow crackling into the coping of heaven—Hast thou yet never opened wide thine eyes?

—Edward Carpenter.

THERE is a certain old fable regarding the Sphinx which men have been interpreting after a different fashion ever since they began to preach and write. The Sphinx was said to sit in the highway and put riddles to all who came.

Whoever could not answer was swallowed alive: whoever solved the riddle slew the Sphinx.

The Sphinx lived a long time. Under many forms it lives yet. It will continue to live until men quit relying upon institutions and begin to rely upon themselves.

We commonly say that men are the product of their environment. This is true of the mass. It is usually so nearly true that the phrase has become conventional.

Yet it is not wholly true. If it were wholly true progress would be impossible; men would forever go on accepting conditions as they find them, struggling merely for individual supremacy.

Men are born who are the product of their environment;—*plus*.

These are the ones who open wide their eyes at the Sphinx's question. They are the ones through whom progress rises. There is in them that element of greatness which is never made by institutions. It is a spark of Promethean fire.

There lies enfolded deep in every man, covered by the slag of ignorance and wrapped in the veil of superstition, this divine inextinguishable spark; this spark which has only to be fanned into flame to make the environment the product of the man. All the great initiators mark the possibilities of the race. What one man has done another may do.

To rise superior to your environment is to slay the Sphinx.

To go on day by day thinking the thoughts that are in the copy-books, following the immorality of conventional morality and believing that men are religious because they profess to be so, is to be swallowed by the Sphinx and to reside in the dark caverns of his body.

Independent intellectual and moral choosing is the only weapon

that can slay him. When you have these qualities you have a man.

Every fact, every event of life, puts a question to every man. Every problem must be solved by each person.

You cannot creep into heaven over the back of a crucified carpenter. The kingdom of heaven is within you. It is not a locality. It is a state of mind.

Unless you, by your own individual moral and intellectual striving, lift the cloud of indifferent ignorance that constitutes modern social environment; unless you shock it into sensibility by the mighty blows of understood facts, you are only another carcass for the Sphinx's feasting.

We can slay the Sphinx only by collective action. We must starve him to death by taking his food from him. When there lives not a man who cannot answer his questioning there will then be none left to swallow.

When the race marches in solid phalanx toward the Sphinx it will find that the Sphinx is but a shadow—a phantasy.

The name of the Sphinx is Ignorance.

God's Representatives

1775—1902

“The King is dead. Long live the King!”

1775

The rights and interests of the American colonists will be looked after and cared for, not by the agitators and rebels, but by the kind, christian gentlemen whom I, as the direct representative of God, have appointed to look after my lands in the western world.

—King George.

1902

The rights and interests of the laboring men will be looked after and cared for, not by the agitators, but by the christian men to whom God, in his infinite wisdom, has given the control of the property interests of the country.

—President Baer.



Meaning of John Burrough's Life

BY LEONARD D. ABBOTT



"Slabsides," as all the world knows, is the summer home of John Burroughs, and stands in the woods back of the Hudson River a few miles above Poughkeepsie. A few of us who were recently so privileged as to be able to spend a day beneath its hospitable roof, were welcomed near the river-side by John Burroughs himself. He carried on his arm a basket of fruit and provisions, and escorted us along a country road and up a steep mountain path before we finally reached our destination—a little log-cabin, covered with creepers and standing in a clearing almost entirely given over to celery-culture. It was already late in the morning, and our host gathered a bundle of kindling-wood and sent the sparks flying up the chimney, beneath a quaint mantel decked with sticks and stones and curios. Later, he made a sortie upon his garden for us, gathering fresh corn, potatoes, onions and celery. He cooked the vegetables in the glowing embers, and we partook together of a simple and delicious repast.

It was a day of days. The freshness of the fall was in the air, and above our heads was, the glow of the sun in the blue sky. The very atmosphere was full of exhilaration, and our host, with his sun-brown'd skin, his stalwart, wiry frame, and his beautiful—almost patriarchal—face, carried with him the aroma of infinite health and wholesomeness. There was no pride nor conceit in him. The great man does not need to impress his greatness; it impresses itself. John Burroughs has the heart of a child, and he talked to us that day with the directness of a child, unassumingly, unconstrainedly. And as we sat and

chatted there together, it seemed to me that here at last I had found a man who knew how to *live*. We moderns do not know how to live. Most of us merely exist; we vegetate along from day to day. But Burroughs is a master in the art of living, and his life is full of simplicity and dignity and beauty.

Our talk covered many subjects that day. Burroughs is first of all a naturalist,—one who loves the face of the earth and the living creatures upon it. But he is much more than a naturalist only. That eagle eye of his scans the whole of human life. On his table were books of poetry, philosophy, religion, sociology. From the wall looked out the faces of Whitman and Tolstoy, of Thoreau and Emerson. We found him a good deal of a Socialist; indignant against the Philippine War and against trust oppression and extortion, in fullest sympathy with the strikers and struggles of the wage-workers, looking forward and onward to a co-operative society.

The secret of Burroughs' influence and strength lies in the fact that his life is perfectly consistent. It is all of a piece, and it is all sincere. There is no room in it for the merely conventional and superficial. And surely we can all learn a lesson from him. It is neither necessary nor desirable that we should all go out and live in the woods, as he does. But each one of us can make life fuller and richer by striving to win something of his passion for liberty and beauty; and, above all, something of his determination to fashion his life according to the highest ideal that he knows.

New York, October, 1902.



The Institutional Conscience

BY W. E. McDERMUT

As far back as history goes, the path of progress has been blocked by men who opposed the right in the name of morality. Conscience has been employed to cloud the moral sense.

Privilege and the Church have been the long man and short man waylaying and holding up the race. They are the footpads of the soul. The Church holds you up in the name of conscience while Privilege goes through your pockets in the name of order.

Some may think this holding-up operation is conducted with malice aforethought. I think not. Heredity, environment and tradition exert a cumulative force that even the best intentions cannot resist.

From the time the prophets were stoned and Saul of Tarsus persecuted the new religion, of which he later became the chief apostle, down to the present day, conscience has been the devil's brightest and sharpest weapon. If we do not see that the causes at work in ancient times are still active, it is because it is hard to get the perspective of anything near at hand.

When John Ball and Wat Tyler and their followers were put down, it was because the immoral uprisings threatened vested rights.

When religious persecution ravaged England and Europe the persecutors thought they were doing God's service. Eternal souls were at stake, and it would not do to take any risk.

The American revolution, according to the notions of the ruling powers in England, was looked on as an ungodly attempt to rob the English of their vested rights in a graft.

Later on when the reform spirit broke out in England itself because certain

abuses of inherited place, power and privilege had become almost insufferable, the people, through the influence of the clergy representing the graft interests, became so tender in conscience, so fearful of doing a possible wrong in disturbing ancient rights, that they bought off the grafters and paid them handsomely to quit.

Conscience worked overtime in behalf of Slavery. One side applied to the consciences of the people as against slavery. Another set appealed to the same conscience in order to perpetuate the institution. Between the two the American people were for a time in the dilemma of the donkey in the fable; they were between two hay stacks of equal attractiveness, and suffered the pangs of moral starvation because there was no apparent motive for a choice of hay.

The attempt to compromise the slavery question was unsatisfactory, as compromises usually are. First the American donkey took a nibble from one stack and admitted a free state, and then he took a mouthful from the other stack and let in a slave state. But in the fullness of time the slave territory gave out; freedom had too many broad acres, and when the balance between slave and free states was threatened, then the slave power repealed the Missouri compromise. This was followed by one of the greatest political somersaults ever seen. The Democratic party, the traditional defender of state sovereignty, jealous of every encroachment of the federal power, then at the behest of the slave power enacted the fugitive slave law, giving federal officers power to ride roughshod over the states for the purpose of reclaiming slave owners'

property wherever it might be found. Thus congress obeyed its orders.

Then the supreme court tumbled over itself to show loyalty to the slave power, and rendered the Dred Scott decision, which eliminated the black man from the domain of political rights as effectually as the injunction has eliminated the workingman from the domain of economic rights.

Then they hanged John Brown, and because some people still refused to take the hint, the slave power cast off the mask and threw down the gage of battle.

All this time certain classes were preaching the sacredness of slavery as an institution with which it was morally wrong to interfere. Men were murdered for preaching the sanctity of human life. Newspapers were illegally excluded from the mails to prevent the spread of the pernicious doctrines of human freedom, just as a crusade has been on lately against allowing Socialist papers the use of the mails.

Dr. Johnson defined patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel. When the argument from conscience failed them at the north the slave power appealed to patriotism at the south. So long as slavery dominated congress, the White House and the supreme court, slavery and the flag were so identified that one could not attack the evil without attacking the government. Today despotism in the colonies is so wrapped in the flag that a criticism of despotism is practically a treasonable utterance. This trick was learned from the Indians who used to hold the captive white women in front of them so that the white husbands and fathers dared not to shoot.

In 1896 the morality exploiters got in their fine work for sure. Free silver was a scheme of robbery; gold was honest money. The people were thrown into a moral panic, and in their haste to assume an upright position, nearly fell over backward.

Now, the masses of mankind do not

intentionally go wrong. Their moral sense or conscience or whatever you call it tells them to do right. They do what they believe to be right. What is right is a matter of education and development. People seldom sin against the light. The trouble is with the light.

As near as I can make out, morality is the highest self-interest. People are impelled to act according to their interest as they see it. Charity will enable us to concede that President Roosevelt acted in this way, when, on his recent campaign tour, he told the people (1) that there was no connection between the tariff and the trust question; (2) that the greatest trust of all, the Standard Oil, had no tariff protection; (3) that the hard coal monopoly could not be destroyed by repealing the tariff, because there was no tariff on hard coal. These statements require three qualifications: (1) The trusts are the great supporters of the tariff, and in fact write the sections applying to their respective lines of industry; (2) there is a tariff on oil imported from countries which impose a tariff on American oil, and it is figured so as to equal the foreign tariff imposed on American oil, ranging from 50 cents to \$12 a barrel; (3) there is a tariff of 67 cents a ton on all but the purest anthracite, and no such anthracite is produced abroad.

If we can forgive this slip on the part of the president, we are prepared to make some allowance for our savage ancestors. In primitive times when food was scarce and the care of the old was a burden, cannibalism was the proper caper. It was practiced with a clear conscience, as a matter of duty. Nowadays when one has lived beyond his time and has no means of support he goes and jumps into the lake. The savage could not afford to let his parents do that; it was not good business; provisions were scarce.

We have improved upon the savage. We have changed the cooking. The food is the same; it is served in a differ-

ent way. It is not quite so raw and tough. We like ours more tender and better done.

So we resort to child labor as a department of industry, as a source of profit. We feed the babies into the commercial hopper, in order that dividends may be made, a portion of which go to support missionaries who teach heathen mothers the wickedness of throwing their babies into the Ganges.

The cotton mill, the sweatshop and the coal mine are the Ganges of modern civilization.

Once in a while some member of a capitalist household, twitching with a dim sense of remorse, starts a movement for the alleviation of some of the suffering caused by the system from which he or she continues to claim and draw support. But this is not a serious symptom. It gives these people pleasure to relieve individual suffering at a distance, but it gives them a great shock if you threaten to apply a wholesale remedy.

This remorse is nothing but moral bellyache. It does not last long and is not serious. Some babies even thrive on colic.

Slavery affected some property rights in part of the country; free silver affected some property rights in the whole country; Socialism affects all property rights everywhere.

So now it seems they are up against the real thing. The main body of the army of reform is approaching. Beaten in the preliminary skirmishes, driven from the position of hereditary privilege and the direct ownership of human beings, they erect a new doctrine, the sacredness of private property, for the defense of purchased privilege, to perpetuate the control and therefore the indirect ownership of human beings.

Here again conscience is their long suit, and the people take it all in and vote as per program. The bulk of the people seem afraid of freedom, as the slaves used to be put in fear of the

abolitionists. "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all." We shut our eyes and call it night.

So true is this that when a person gets the first glimpse of the principles of Socialism, the sophisticated mind at once begins to commune with itself and ask, "Is it right to take private property, the result of industry and thrift and use it for the common good?" A categorical affirmative answer is a shock to their tender souls. Let us not shock them with a flat "Yes," but let us change the subject for a moment.

In looking at the sky on a clear night, did you ever have the experience of thinking you saw a star, but when you looked intently at the spot you could see nothing but the blue? And then when you turned to look at a second star, have you seen No. 1 come again into view? Some social principles are like dim stars; you can see them only by looking at something else.

Here is a boy just entering on manhood. He came into this world with no limitation of his right to live, or of his claim upon the race. He was not consulted about coming, he had no opportunity to choose his parents. Being poor, he began to work before his bones were stiff or his muscles hard, and has never known anything but toil—in a shop, in a coal mine, anywhere.

Here is a man who, with fair opportunities, has learned a trade and become a skilled mechanic and a useful member of society. When he reaches middle life and is in the prime of usefulness to himself and those dependent upon him, a machine is installed capable of doing his work in the shop, or in some other way he is thrown out of employment. Perhaps at one time his services were employed in defense of the nation's life.

Here is a girl in a sweatshop or department store or office—but we need not enlarge on this branch.

Now, something has been taken from

each of these people and millions like them. The problem is, who has taken it, and how much has he taken?

The measure of the robbery is the difference between the total product of labor and the purchasing power of the wages of labor. Roughly speaking, one day's labor of the worker will buy back one hour's product of his own toil.

As to the identity of the robber, society is made up of two classes: those who, speakingly broadly, get nothing for what they give, and those who give nothing for what they get. The first class is indispensable; the second, a dead weight.

Fifty years ago there were some easy people who thought that if slavery was abolished the owners should be compensated for their loss. In the light of the

present it would have been infinitely cheaper and better to pay the slave owners. But when the war was ended slavery was no more, and the question of compensation had got lost somewhere in the shuffle.

Some day, after our present civilization, prosperity and progress have become unbearable, the claims of these boys and girls and women and men, the millions who have been and are being robbed of their childhood on the one hand and their peaceful old age on the other, will be presented for payment. Payment will be resisted, and measures will be taken to enforce collection.

Why not save all this trouble by calling the two accounts square and starting a new set of books?

Thanksgiving

By E. M. MacDonald

"Thanksgiving Day" will be November 27th.

President Roosevelt tells us that since this nation was first organized, upon every generation, in some way or another, "the hand of the Lord has been heavy," but that nevertheless the nation has survived.

If this be true, why should we thank the "Most High" for the "material well being" our President says we are now enjoying? If the nation has succeeded in spite of the "heavy hand," it owes its present prosperity to the strength of the people, and not to the "Most High."

We commend this statement of Mr. Roosevelt to the Filipinos: "For this we render heartfelt and solemn thanks to the giver of good; and we seek to praise him, not by words only, but by deeds—by the way in which we do our duty to ourselves and to our fellow-men."

Our executive concludes his proclamation by recommending that the people spend November 27th in thanking Almighty God for the manifold blessings of the past year. We suppose, therefore, that everybody in prison will

thank God for not keeping him out; that everybody who has lost a relative by death will thank God for the loss; that everybody who has failed in business will thank God for the failure; that everybody that has been sick will thank God for the visitation; that every farmer whose crops failed will thank God for the drought or the rain that ruined them; that everybody who has been hurt by accident, including the President himself, will thank God for the mishap, and that everybody in general will thank God for all the dangers, cyclones, fires, and tragedies of the year.

We say, we suppose all this, but we know differently. November 27th will be a holiday, and the only one who will be particularly thankful will be those who draw their pay by the week or month. A few will go to church in the morning, perfunctorily; the vast majority will go to the football and other games, and eat so much they will be ill for several days.

Those who get no turkey are expected to give thanks just the same.

The Religion Trust

A Fable Which Might Come True

BY D. F. HANNIGAN



The "Church Standard" of Philadelphia, devotes three columns of its space originally intended for the spread of the gospel to a scurrilous attack upon Mr. Mitchell as president of the miners union. This is only another example of the whelp licking the hand that feeds it. The advertisements of J. P. Morgan & Co., Drexel & Co., Merchant's Trust Co., and others from like patrons that appear on the cover of the said publication shows that its allegiance has been bought with a price by the capitalists.—*Appeal to Reason.*

Cyrus Spoofe turned over the new idea in his mind and it struck him that there was money in it.

He was a politician out of employment. His party had thrown him over, and his tailor had refused to give him any more credit. It was time to do something to "raise the wind."

Cyrus was a man of original mind. He had worked many things for all they were worth. He had been successful for a time as a vendor of worthless drugs, as a matrimonial agent, as a lay-preacher, and as the secretary and man-of-all-work of a political "boss."

But now the tide of luck had turned. All his occupations were gone, and he was nearly on the verge of starvation.

It was at this crisis in his existence that the new idea came into his mind. It had haunted him for a whole night; and now, while he swallowed a wretched breakfast, he tried to lick it into shape. He was what some people are pleased to describe as "a typical American," that is, a person who regards the United States as nothing better than grist for his own mill,—loot, which it was his duty to appropriate without scruple. Combination was the great art by which millionaires had made their pile in the Republic of the West. Cyrus Spoofe thought there was room for a new trust, and that the expediency of investing money in it would commend itself to the most level-headed captains of industry.

This trust would secure for the capitalists the advocacy of the pulpit, and would thus discredit the attacks of socialists on the individualistic system of money-making.

Like a practical philosopher, Cyrus determined to call immediately on the wealthiest man in New York, who may be introduced here under the name Princeman Steel.

The millionaire was alone in his office when Cyrus entered with a very business-like air.

"Without wasting your valuable time, sir," began the ex-politician, "I wish to interest you in a new idea."

Princeman Steel looked up from his desk sharply.

"What is your idea?" he asked.

"To put it in two or three words, it is a trust in religion."

"Religion! Nonsense!" And the millionaire laughed scornfully.

"Excuse me, Mr. Steel," urged Cyrus, coolly. "You plainly fail to see the importance of getting not only the churches but the religious cranks of every sort on the side of the capitalists. When a strike occurs again, the preachers will all scream out that the poor are crushed by plutocracy. The only way to muzzle them is to buy them. When every pulpit in the State resounds with the praises of the employers of labor, and when the masses are told that the rich are the favorite children of God,

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

you and your class will be perfectly triumphant."

Princeman Steel's hard features were relaxed in a smile.

"Very good in theory," he said, after a moment's reflection, "but how do you propose to work it out in practice?"

"Very simply," answered Cyrus; "the Religion Trust will buy up all the religious organizations in the country. Every prelate, every bishop, must be invited to become a member of the board of directors. Even the Salvation Army must be offered a liberal sum on condition that there will be no more street-preaching. Then the religious newspapers must be subsidized, and, as soon as the trust is in full working order, you, sir, will be in a position to defy the criticism of even the Pope of Rome."

Princeman Steel's cruel eyes glittered. "A brilliant idea!" he exclaimed. "And may I ask, Mr.—Mr.—What's-your-name?—how much you consider the idea worth to you as a marketable commodity?"

"A hundred thousand dollars," was Cyrus's calm reply.

"Well, my dear sir, I am delighted with the idea," said the millionaire. "I propose to commence operations at once, to employ you to prepare the articles of association, which will afterwards be approved by my lawyer, and you will have a check for a hundred thousand dollars. Your name, which you forgot to mention, is—?"

"Cyrus Spoofe."

Three days had not elapsed ere flaming announcements of the Religion Trust appeared in all the New York newspapers. On the following Sunday, a sermon was preached in every pulpit in the city eulogizing the efforts of the American captains of industry to use their wealth for the support of religion. One preacher took as his text the words, "To him who hath much, much shall be given; but from him who hath little even the little he hath shall be taken away from him." Another pulpit orator opened his sermon by quoting the words,

"He who preaches Gospel must live by the Gospel."

A torrent of religiosity soon swept over the United States. Princeman Steel was hailed as a new Saviour of society, and everyone who wished to succeed spoke of him as the new Representative of the Almighty in the great Republic of the West.

Then the unemployed, who began to feel the pinch of hunger, held meetings in out-of-the-way corners, and protested against the capitalists being canonized because they had started a Religion Trust. Several big strikes broke out simultaneously. The newspapers denounced the workingmen as atheists and anarchists. The clergy appealed to the toiling poor to accept their lot as the will of God, and to take whatever was offered them by the good capitalists, on whom their existence depended. Even in political circles the discontent of the workers was condemned. When the strikers displayed some violence, the soldiers were called out, and a number of starving men were shot in the streets.

The people, however, had a leader—a man named Adam Wild. He saw that the only hope for his unfortunate fellow-workers was a universal strike throughout the States. He sent round directions to have this carried out on a certain day. The result was appalling. Every factory was closed. The railroads all ceased to run. No work of any kind was done. The emissaries of the Religion Trust exerted all their energies. In every pulpit appeared a preacher ready to denounce the unruly populace and to call down on them the wrath of God. But alas for the pulpit eloquence of America! the churches were empty!

After a week of ghastly worklessness, the resources of the capitalists were overtaxed. There were many crashes in Wall street. Several millionaires committed suicide. Cyrus Spoofe had an interview with Princeman Steel.

"What am I to do?" asked the perplexed captain of industry. Cyrus, as

ever, was ready with an answer. "You and the other capitalists must run the show yourselves."

"What, you scoundrel! You want us to become mere laborers?"

"Certainly! If you don't, it is only a question of time. Every one of you will die of hunger!"

"Curse you! This is your doing!" And, drawing a revolver, Steel pointed

it at Cyrus's head. The terrified ex-politician and man of ideas fled precipitately.

Next morning the New York newspapers announced that the Religion Trust had failed. All the demands of the strikers were conceded, and the pulpits were no longer degraded by the doctrine that Mammon is God.

* Batuschka

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

From yonder gilded minaret
Beside the steel-blue Neva set,
I faintly catch, from time to time,
The sweet, aerial midnight chime—
"God save the Czar!"

Above the ravelins and the moats
Of the white citadel it floats;
And men in dungeons far beneath
Listen, and pray, and gnash their teeth—
"God save the Czar!"

The soft reiterations sweep
Across the horror of their sleep,
As if some demon in his glee
Were mocking at their misery—
"God save the Czar!"

In his Red Palace over there,
Wakeful, he needs must hear the prayer.
How can it drown the broken cries
Wrung from his children's agonies?—
"God save the Czar!"

Father they called him from of old—
Batuschka! . . . How his heart is cold!
Wait till a million scourged men
Rise in their awful might, and then—
God save the Czar!

* Batuschka means "Little Father," or "Dear Little Father," a term of endearment applied to the Czar in Russian folk-song.



Let Us Be Tolerant

BY PHILIP S. BROWN



The socialist occupies a peculiar position in the social and political world. He is one who reviews events, explains the causes which lead up to them and logically traces them to their legitimate conclusions. His predictions of the past have been largely fulfilled in the present and he is certain and convincing in his forecast of the future.

The socialist is an evolutionist and a believer in the doctrine that environment shapes the lives and actions of men. He recognizes also that the instinct of self-preservation is the dominant and controlling force which leads to the amassing of large fortunes. A child is taught that he must make money; on arriving at the age when he must strike out for himself he sees around him the many poor and the few well to do and his teachings and the instinct of self-preservation at once force him to consider his own comfort and happiness, and to attempt to win for himself a position where he can be secure in his old age. If he is successful in his money-getting it becomes not only his business but his sole pleasure in life.

The socialist is prone to attack the very rich and prominent men, who, like the criminal and tramp, are but the product of their environment. The attack is led as fiercely as though the leaders of the political and financial world could at their will in any way alter conditions,—as though they were responsible for the present evils which beset us.

One can hardly pick up a socialist paper without finding in it an attack both bitter and malicious upon some man whom circumstances have made famous. To my mind such an attitude

is bad for the party and works an evil spirit among the members.

Our present industrial and economic status is an evolutionary growth which can be traced step by step back through the centuries. It was not planned by any man and no man has it in his power to alter or destroy it. What then does it avail to attack Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Morgan or the President of the United States? The socialists are maligned and the leaders of the party are attacked and their motives questioned, and replying in kind we place ourselves upon a level with our traducers. Things are bad enough. There is no necessity of indulging in personalities. If we confine our attacks to the capitalist system we can do more to further the cause of socialism than by all the abusive articles which the ingenuity of our writers can conjure up.

Those men and women who have recognized that something is wrong, and while not fully comprehending the cause have tried to better conditions by advocating the abolition of child labor and the enactment of laws providing for better educational facilities, such as free text books, compulsory education, University extension, etc., have been caricatured and made the butt of class-conscious cant and vulgar jokes both by our speakers and by our press.

A much more reasonable method would be to co-operate with these reformers and work with them for those things which they advocate which would be of benefit to the class we represent. The future of the nation depends upon the education of its people; education in schools; not the education of the factory. People who have been trained to think and reason will best spread the

cause of socialism; so any measure which will put more children in school and thus take them from the shops and factories and keep them off the streets is a positive step forward and should be fostered and encouraged by every socialist.

It is not necessary to compromise the movement by working with the "reformers." We have no patent upon the co-operative commonwealth, and even if we ever had one, it has been infringed upon by those who are constantly working for the future society even though they lack the complete understanding of a thorough socialist.

To those who contend that the education of the factory is sufficient I have this to say; in no place is any movement of the people so slow and the people so hard to reach as in those districts where there is an ignorant, overworked proletariat. In the river wards of Chicago and in like places in every large city, there is practically no socialist movement, and there can be none until the people are given more leisure and a better education. Italy is frequently pointed out as a refutation of this statement owing to the large percentage of the total vote, polled by the socialists, but it must be remembered that in Italy there is a property qualification attached to the right of suffrage and the masses of the people have no chance to take part in the elections.

It is a mistake to assume that no good can come unless it is ushered in by the socialist party; such a position is very egotistical and foolish. The working class through its trade unions has, so far, done more to raise the standard of living of the people than all the socialist parties in the world combined. It is possible to appreciate the wrongs of the present industrial system and to make an honest attempt to remedy them even though one does not fully understand the "class struggle" and the "materialistic conception of history." We are inclined to feel sorry that we are

obliged to recognize that the trades union movements have been a benefit to the working class, and much time has been spent by socialists in trying to combat this fact. The trades-unions are now on the verge of forming a political party. They have been told by socialists and they have learned from bitter experience that strikes are futile even when they win them and they are now arriving at the conclusion that their only hope of salvation lies in the class-conscious expression of their needs at the ballot box.

The trades-union party will be attacked, their leaders maligned and called traitors in spite of the fact that every socialist has continually advised the trades-unions to enter politics and vote for their own interests. Now that they have virtually decided on the step, at least in Chicago, we socialists should aim to influence and aid their movement, and lead it in the right direction and not let it fall into the hands of the politicians of the old parties. It is a matter of no consequence who brings socialism; it must be brought; and if the trades-union parties can hasten its coming, our place is with them. The unions are recognizing the class struggle and with proper leading and direction they can be made to act along the lines that will lead them directly into the inevitable conflict between the capitalist and working classes.

We have heretofore made the mistake of repudiating our own idea of municipal ownership when it appeared outside our party, and let us not now repudiate our fellow men when they are ready to take the steps that we have continually urged.

In order to avoid giving anarchistic coloring to the socialist movement we must be tolerant. We must acquire the habit of weeding out the bad and allying ourselves with the good that is in every new public movement. The coal strike and the growth of industrial competition have done more to point out

the evils of the present system and indicate the remedy than all of our propaganda and literature. We must stand ready to lead those who are unconscious socialists to their proper place, and it can be done only by putting ourselves in touch with every public movement and declaring ourselves on every question for the people.

A man is not necessarily a rogue because he does not subscribe to the socialist philosophy, and it is not fair for us

to attack the motives of those who believe that they can uplift the working classes without entering the socialist movement.

I am not in favor of fusion or of making our party the tail-end of any other political movement, but I plead for a new spirit of tolerance among us, which will ameliorate its narrow and somewhat hide-bound tendencies and make of it a broad-minded, progressive political party.

Books

Marion Craig Wentworth

War and Worship: A Poem. By Henry Bedlow. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York. Price \$1.25.

This is a handsome volume of 190 pages containing as a frontispiece a reproduction of Debat-Pousan's Salon picture of 1898 entitled "Non Mergitur," representing Truth triumphantly emerging from the well despite the combined efforts of representatives of church and state to keep her down.

The literary value of the work may be estimated by the following lines, characterizing the church:

Amid the wrongs which earth have cursed.

Degrading God, enslaving man,
Since Creed was schemed and Fraud began,
The Holy Church is wholly worst.

Its Christianity has stood
As if with human misery charmed,
And, with its cruel tenets armed,
Proclaimed the wickedness of Good;

And shed more blood, wrought more distress.

Than all its cognate pagan creeds
Combined, and sown its thorny seeds,
Brambling the earth with wretchedness.

The volume has about eight hundred verses.



Crime and Criminals: An Address Delivered to the Prisoners in the Chicago County Jail. By Clarence S. Darrow. Published by Charles H. Kerr and Company, Chicago. Price, 10 cents.

This handsomely printed pamphlet is unique in its matter. Mr. Darrow tells

the prisoners why they are in jail, in words not calculated to increase their respect for the courts, the law or the society against which they are offenders.

That such a speech could be made in a jail auditorium by a prominent lawyer is worthy of comment in itself.

Everyone should read it.



Ernest Crosby's "CAPTAIN JINKS: HERO," if put into the hands of boys at the right time, ought to settle forever aspiration after military "glory." That it is silently doing the work its author intended it should do is evidenced by a letter recently received by Mr. Crosby, which runs as follows:

Mr. E. H. Crosby, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—My twelve-year-old son, much interested in military matters, was following the newspaper accounts of the subjection of the Filipinos with avidity and enthusiasm, played soldier with his companions, uniformed and with fife and drum, or spent his spare time reading popular war and Indian story books designed for boys until "Captain Jinks, Hero," came in his way.

He read the book a second time, and, after asking me a few questions seemingly suggested to his mind by Captain Jinks's adventures, he recommended the hook to some of his martial young friends and lost further interest in his military amusements. The boys dropped out one by one until finally there were none left to represent war in our neighborhood.

The glamour and glory of war are not at present in his line; he will say but

little about it, but, when induced to talk, shows plainly that his sympathies and thoughts are leading him in another direction.

In this letter was enclosed a note from the boy himself. He writes: "Before reading 'Captain Jinks,' I thought war was all right. * * * I must say that I have changed my opinion. I hope the big folks will take a lesson from your book, and be kind to our brown brothers across the ocean who never meant to do us harm."

The thumbed and dog-eared condition of the copies in the circulating libraries of this country and England shows that the average Anglo-Saxon youth appreciates the difference between real and mock patriotism when it is shown to him.

One could scarcely do a better service at Holiday time to a young son or boy friend than to make him a present of this brilliant satire. There seems to be no other book in the language so well calculated to do this particular work as "Captain Jinks."



Love's Coming of Age. By Edward Carpenter. Published by Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago. Price, \$1.25.

This is a comprehensive and philosophical treatise on sexual science and marriage. Like all of Edward Carpenter's productions, it is written from high ground. There is no doubt that as soon as woman is free politically and economically the marriage relation will undergo a radical change. For a comprehension of the possible lines upon which such changes may be worked out one may well turn to this little book of Mr. Carpenter's. It is a real contribution, and the emancipated should not fail to have it upon their book shelves.



"The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State," by Frederick Engels, translated by Ernst Untermann. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Price, 50 cents.

Here is an interesting and valuable contribution to sociology. It is valuable because it is the history of the origin

and growth of the family presented from the economic standpoint. It must prove of particular interest to one who would understand modern Socialism in its relation to history and the evolution of the family and state coincident with the development of the institution of private property.

"The Origin of the Family" is the work of a great student and thinker, evidencing careful thought and faithful research.

The line of thought presented by the author briefly stated is this: The economic conditions of each succeeding period of history determine the marriage laws of that period. The progress of the family is traced from its lowest to its highest stage, from the ancient group marriage to the modern imperfect monogamous condition.

A circle of restrictive laws gradually narrowed and lessened the members bound together in group marriage until in the stage of barbarism we have the pairing family—the couple temporarily and loosely united. With this arises the ancient gens, consanguinous relatives bound together, a group of sisters and their descendants, a group of brothers and their descendants. During these periods communistic and collective households were maintained, descent was traced on the mother's side, women were highly esteemed, took part in tribal councils, and were supreme in the households of the gens.

Social causes operated to bring in the next step, the transition from the pairing to the monogamic family—and here is the pivotal point of the book. With the domestication of animals and herding of flocks, with the metal industry, weaving and agriculture, came a constantly increasing source of wealth, owned at first by the gens (or clan) and then by the chiefs of these gens. Slavery was invented. Help was needed to superintend the property. The captured enemy was enslaved and put to work. To obtain food and tools was

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

man's task. He also owned the cattle and slaves—the institution of private property was born. Fed by greed for power, it grew stronger and stronger. The man—the owner of the wealth—wished his own children, not the gens, to inherit his wealth. To accomplish this the maternal law and right of inheritance was abolished and the gens of the father became dominant. Here is the historic defeat of the female sex. She was degraded into a mere machine for the generation of children; witness the condition of women among the Greeks, with male supremacy fully established. Then arose the patriarchal family, a man, his wife and children, and slaves, united to tend the herds and till the fields in common—a sort of family communism. In order to secure faithfulness of wife and hence reliability of paternal lineage, to protect private property and its inheritance, women were delivered into power of the men, and monogamy arose—faithfulness on the part of the woman, not necessarily on the part of the man—this wedlock not to be dissolved unless the man so willed it. Such a system naturally produced both prostitution and adultery.

The heads of these families increasing in wealth meant poverty for the unfree element—a privileged and unprivileged class grew up—the old gens distinctions were lost. To protect the property of the wealthy and owning class a new organization was needed, and so the state was created.

With modern industries open to women, a change in the present monogamic system may be anticipated. The administration of the household in ancient times had a public character; now the woman in the private household is the first servant of the house. With social production open to women as it is

today, and with property belonging to the collective whole we may expect not to see monogamy disappear, but rather to see it perfectly realized. Individual sex love, exclusive by nature, is beginning to dominate society. Love is an element never counted on in the old days as the factor in determining a monogamic relation. It will be the only factor in the future, when private property is abolished and economic need will cease to play a part.

"The supremacy of man in marriage is simply the consequence of his economic superiority and will fall with the abolition of the latter."

The author concludes the volume with the folowing quotation from Lewis H. Morgan's "Ancient Society":

"Since the advent of civilization, the outgrowth of property has been so immense, its forms so diversified, its uses so expanding and its management so intelligent in the interest of its owners, that it has become, on the part of the people, an unmanageable power. The human mind stands bewildered in the presence of its own creation. The time will come, nevertheless, when human intelligence will rise to the mastery over property, and define the relations of the state to the property it protects, as well as the obligations and the limits of the rights of its owners. The interests of society are paramount to individual interests, and the two must be brought into just and harmonious relations. A mere property career is not the final destiny of mankind, if progress is to be the law of the future as it has been of the past. The time which has passed away since civilization began is but a fragment of the past duration of man's existence; and but a fragment of the ages yet to come. The dissolution of society bids fair to become the termination of a career of which property is the end and aim, because such a career contains the elements of self-destruction. Democracy in government, brotherhood in society, equality in rights and privileges, and universal education, foreshadow the next higher plane of society to which experience, intelligence and knowledge are steadily tending. It will be a revival, in a higher form, of the liberty, equality and fraternity of the ancient gentes."

The book is well worth perusal.

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